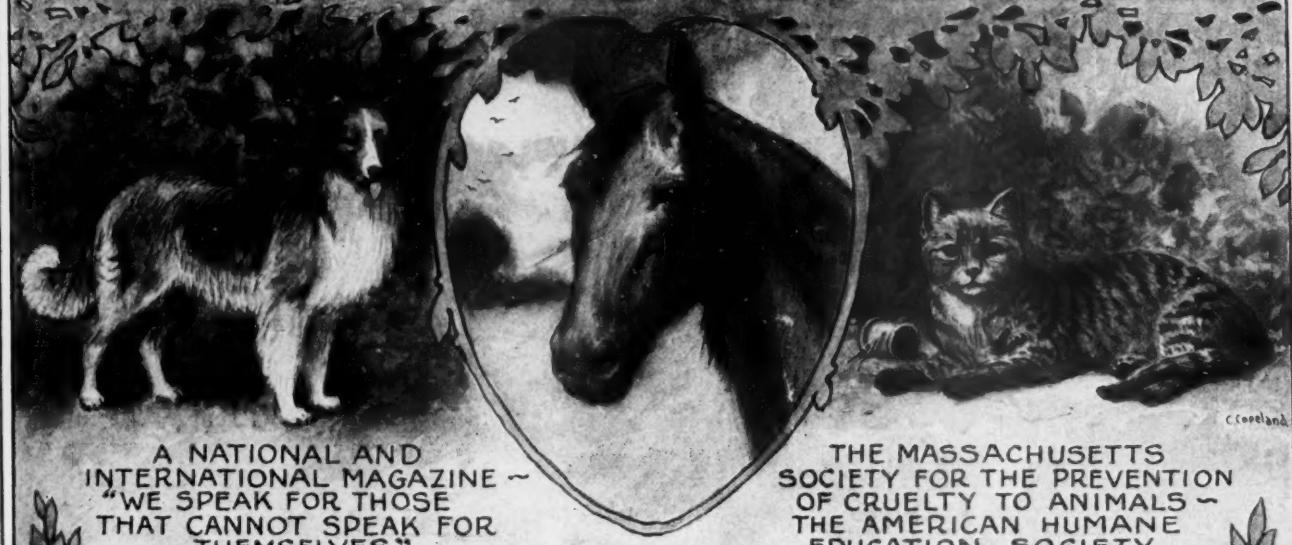


OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 48

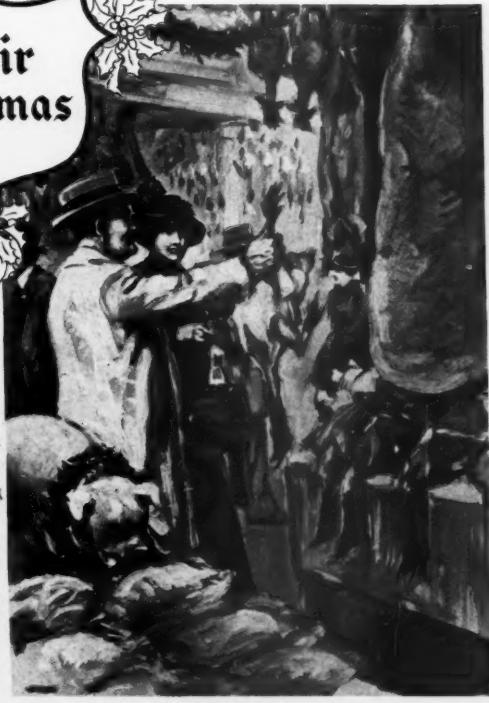
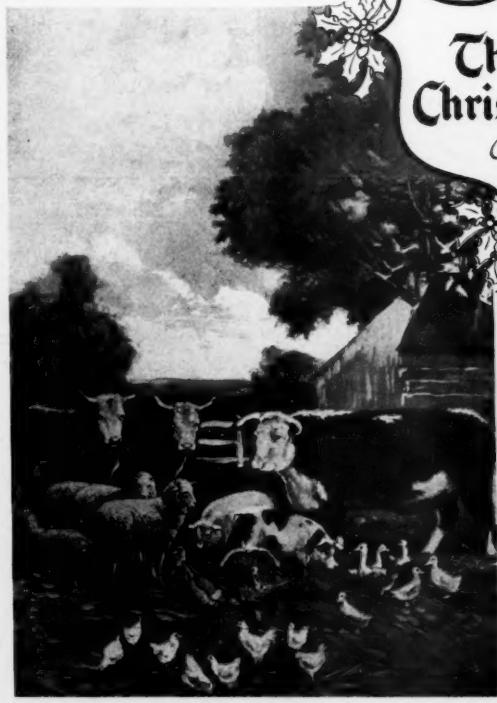
No. 7

DECEMBER, 1915

Price 10

Cents

Their
Christmas



Our Dumb Animals



FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM
U. S. Trade Mark, Registered
FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS, THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY, AND THE AMERICAN BAND OF MERCY

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners
and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
—Cowper.



Vol. 48

Boston, December, 1915

No. 7

The best Christmas a man gets is the Christ-mas he gives.

Don't think humane education means simply the better treatment of animals. Its field is the human heart.

Could the beasts and birds choose a patron saint how could it be any other than He who was born in a stable the world's first Christmas night?

Many will remember the importation a few years ago of twelve hundred and fifty reindeer into Alaska. Today there are sixty-five thousand.

Even our peace societies are surrendering to the popular clamor for vast expenditures of money that we may be prepared for war. What a glorious chance for one Christian nation to dare believe there is something in the world mightier than the sword!

If humane education had had its rightful place in the schools of this land, from the first, there would be no Indian problem today, no such black pages of our history as tell the story of the white man's cunning, treachery and inhumanity toward his fellow-man.

A Ph.D. and a year abroad seem to be the chief requisites the modern college demands when it seeks a new instructor. There was a time when personal character was supposed to be of quite as much value in the training of college students as was technical knowledge. The phonograph may yet supplant a certain type of instructor and professor—and do the job better.

Suppose the United States were fool (?) enough to use half the money it is talking of spending on gunboats and general "preparedness" and send food, clothing, relief of all sorts to the sufferers from this war, Christmas presents to the widows and orphans of the soldiers both of Teutons and Allies, shiploads of them, keeping it up till the war ends—who imagines that any of the contending nations would ever want to attack us? You can disarm a nation as you can a man, quicker by kindness than by a message that you're ready for him. The trouble is we are afraid to try this human, rational, perfectly practicable plan.

Let us not forget the "preparedness" that should precede Christmas. The wise and the humane do not leave getting ready for the day till it is close at hand.

He from whom we have our Christmas said little about animals. But the single sentence, "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without your Father," swept the whole animal creation into the circle of the infinite care, and as no other saying ever uttered with regard to the life below us has placed a moral obligation upon man for the kind and humane treatment of the humblest forms of life. What is the supreme ideal but to be "like your Father who is in Heaven?"

THE PICTURE ON THE COVER

We meant it should tell its own story. To many it will. To some, alas, it may seem amusing. There are doubtless a few who will object to it. Why even suggest a thought that might mar the Christmas spirit? To the happy hosts and guests gathered about the beautiful table why call up any such ghosts as, in the slaughtered creatures served before them, may be haunting the feast? But are they not worthy of at least a single thought, these victims of our appetite and pleasure? Who thinks of what Christmas means to millions of food animals from the moment they are chosen for the market till death ends their career?

We are making no plea now for vegetarianism. We want, however, to lay it on the hearts of our readers that the sufferings of our food animals in the processes of slaughter out-bulk a thousand-fold all the other sufferings of animal life combined. The great mass of this suffering is absolutely unnecessary and preventable, and would be stopped if those who feed upon them cared. Because men and women continue to eat them and do not think, all the cruelties of the slaughter-house persist year after year.

This is the fact which every one who eats the flesh of animals should face: The majority of these animals are slaughtered by a knife thrust into or across the throat and hang till they bleed to death. Every moment of this wholly unnecessary suffering could be prevented if they were rendered unconscious before the use of the knife. We shall never be worthy the name of a civilized nation until public opinion demands a law compelling the stunning of all food animals before the knife is used.

F.H.R.

CHRISTMAS

It comes this year as it has come for centuries, in spite of all the jarring voices that war against its gracious message. Its song of "peace on earth" rang out into a world that had little welcome for it; that denied even the right to live to Him who translated its music into a human life. It was a song of faith. Drowned a thousand times by the discordant shouts of hate and war, it has not faltered in the calm confidence of the truth it was given to proclaim. Again and again as the tumult and the shouting have died away, it has been heard still flooding earth and sky with its holy melody.

It is the song of the world's great optimist. There were ears that heard it even amid the darkness which fell upon that "green hill far away without a city wall." Ears there are that will hear it this year despite the clash of hostile armies and the roar of a thousand cannon. Multitudes there are who will sing it with the same confident faith as in those days of peace when they trusted reason was soon to take the place of war. To doubt the final triumph of the truth sung to the world in the "Glad Tidings" of its first Christmas day, is to sail a sea without a bottom or a shore, chart and compass lost.

We do not hesitate then to send out our Christmas greeting. The things that are seen are temporal. It is in the realm of the unseen that we must seek just now that which abides in the Christmas message and which no night of war, save for a time, can dim with its primeval darkness. Perhaps only such a horror as this could forever sicken the world of war.

If we dare not wish our readers a Merry Christmas, we do wish them all the gladness homes and hearts may know when faith and hope and love still live. To all little children who look forward to the day with joy we send our wish for a very "Merry Christmas." Notwithstanding the pain and loss the year has brought, we shall find the Christmas joy just in proportion as we strive to kindle it in other hearts. Never was need greater since time began that each of us live out toward all men everywhere the spirit of the imperishable song, "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men."

F.H.R.

* * * * *
It would be interesting to know how far the manufacturers of ammunition and the various equipments needed in war are encouraging the public demand for "preparedness."

A Great Musician and His Love for Animals

[The following concerning Richard Wagner is a greatly abbreviated article from a translation of a paper from the pen of J. G. Prudhomme, sent us by Mrs. Diana Belais.]

RIICHARD Wagner, whose centenary the whole world celebrated, was all his life a passionate lover of animals. He always had one or two dogs with him, besides other pets.

At the time that he lived in Zurich and Paris, he had a dog named Peps and a parrot whom the master had taught to whistle with remarkable precision, five measures of the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, while Madame Wagner taught him to say, when her husband was irritable, "Richard Wagner is a bad man!"

Peps, faithful companion of this childless fireside, was transported turn by turn from Germany to Switzerland and France, and he assisted at the creation of all the works of the master, from Tannhauser to the Valkyrie. He died in July, 1855, and Wagner wrote touchingly to his friends of how profoundly afflicted he felt when the dear little creature was gone.

Many citations from his letters show what an affection the great master had for animals during all periods of his life, and this explains perhaps the frequency with which he introduces animals in his musical works. In his first opera, "The Fairies," pity is expressed by the young hero Arindal, appearing on the stage in pursuit of a doe. "See, an animal can cry, as well as a human!"

In the Tetralogy, a whole world of animals is in action and their signification is not merely symbolical; they take an actual part, so to speak, like the steed of Brunhilda, without which one can scarcely imagine the daughter of Wotan, no more than the irascible Fricka can be conceived separated from her two rams; and the white swan of Parsifal is indispensable to the action of the last Wagnerian drama.

In 1878, the "idealist," Malvida de Maeyenbourg, when visiting Wagner, had tried to defend the vivisectional experiments of Professor Goltz of Strasburg. Wagner, according to his biographer Glaserapp, at first turned pale, as his sensibility was extreme, then he raised his head and fixing his interlocutor with his piercing eye, spoke with such great animation against these so-called scientific tortures, that Malvida no longer tried to defend them. Wagner affiliated himself with the Animal Protective Society of Dresden, informing von Weber, its founder and president, that he wished to aid the Society in every way possible. He sent sums of money to it regularly; once he wrote, "It is very necessary to cry out to men the words of the Brahmins about animals, Behold that which thou art!"

Wagner wrote von Weber an open letter against vivisection, which he afterwards published in his musical review, "Bayreuther Blaetter," also in brochure form and had it widely distributed at his own expense, saying, "We must consider neither trouble nor expense."

The brochure had a wide influence. He received an enthusiastic address, signed by a number of students in medicine, who saluted him as the champion sent by God to defend all that is true, beautiful and good.

Animal protective societies from different cities sent him addresses of felicitation.

The noble effort which Wagner made in favor of anti-vivisection coincided with the composition of his Parsifal; his elevation of mind regarding animal life was almost religious. If one wishes to see the connection between the artistic expres-

sion and the thought of the master, it is only necessary to recall the entrance of the young hero, in the first act of Parsifal.

"The first step which Parsifal makes," says M. Lichtenberger in his "Wagner, Poet and Thinker," "upon the pathway which conducts him to supreme wisdom, is to comprehend that man owes pity to his inferior brothers, the animals."

In penetrating the pleasant forest of the Grail, where animals are the friends and familiars of man, he has without any motive, purely by the

lessness inflicted on a creature of God like himself, and obeying a brusque impulse, he broke his bows and arrows and threw them away from him. For the first time, the Simple One had felt and understood the divine sentiment of compassion.

This is the sublime artistic expression which Wagner has given to his love for animals.

HELP NEEDED IN ITALY

A recent communication from the President of the Genoa Society for the Protection of Animals states that the humane societies of Italy are hard pressed by the present war and that their work, although never more urgent, is greatly curtailed by the lack of funds. After speaking of the effect of the war upon the receipts of the Societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, Mrs. Goetzlof says:

"Members are constantly holding back their contributions, under the plea that all help is needed for the poor soldiers fighting so gallantly high up in the Alps amid snow and ice. Every woman in Italy is working hard either for the wounded, or to make warm garments for the dear boys at the front. Still, along by the side of the men, there are their and our humble friends, struggling, helping, and often giving up their lives for them and us. We must not forget them!

"Our different local societies are in great need of help. Our Society in Genoa is very badly off at present, and we have had to diminish the number of our inspectors. We had but two for a hilly town of nearly three hundred thousand inhabitants, and for some villages of the Riviera near Genoa. Now we can only afford one! Nearly all the big strong horses have been bought up for the army, and those that remain are mostly old and weak, unfit for the hard work required of them. Therefore I take the liberty to beg you to insert a paragraph in *Our Dumb Animals*, in one of the coming months, as you have already done for the Naples Society, inviting all those who can and will, to spare a sum, however small, for the Genoese animals. Every donation can be sent to this address and will be promptly acknowledged by me."

MRS. DORA GOETZLOF,
President of the Associazione Ligure for the
protection of animals, via Peschiera No.
30, Genoa, Italy.

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

A good friend of animals urges that all drivers remember their horses at this season of goodwill by loosening their checkreins, easing their burdens and treating them with a little extra kindness. The delivery horses who have carried good cheer to so many homes should be especially thought of.

"The merciful man regardeth the life of his beast."

To those who have been true to the Band of Mercy motto through the year, the winter season brings many opportunities of service.

At the first heavy snow-storm the wild birds that remain, made tame by hunger, will come to our doors, and if fed, will remain all winter.

A flat board fastened to a clothes-post will hold seeds and crumbs and make a safe dining-table for our guests.

Why make the horses work unnecessarily during the holiday season or any other time?—How many a parcel you could carry home yourself!

To the Spirit of Christmas

By LOUELLA C POOLE

Once more the Blessed Day has come
To soothe the hearts of Christendom;

Like some cool hand that's pressed
Upon the fevered pulse of pain,
The Christmas Spirit comes again
To quiet our unrest.

Forgot awhile are grief and loss,
The brooding cares that irk and cross;
From farthest sea to sea,
From northern lands of ice and snow,
To where the rose and jasmine blow,
The Holy Mystery

Its influence benign outspreads;
On bended knees, with low-bowed heads,
With myrrh and spices sweet,
Fit recognition we would make,
Our alabaster boxes break
In tribute at His feet.

O holy, blessed Christmas-time,
Of perfumed censer, pealing chime,
Thy fairest gifts, we pray,
In boundless measures, full and free,
Bestow on those across the sea,
So sore their need today!

The old and frail, forget them not;
And those about whose lives are wrought
So much of hope and prayer—
Our little ones, the coming race—
Bestow on them thy tenderest grace
To grow in wisdom fair!

Sweet Yule-side, of thy fulness bring
Peace unto hearts now sorrowing,
And unto great and small,
To man, bird, beast—to all that live—
Thy richest benediction give,
Thy happiness to all!

caprice of the hunter, pierced with an arrow a beautiful white swan, which was flying over the lake. Stopped immediately by the pages of Amfortas, who were filled with indignation at this sacrilegious murder, he was conducted to the equerry of King Gurnemanz.

Seeing that the Simple One had no conception of the evil act he had committed, the old equerry had the wounded bird brought to him. He showed Parsifal the spots of blood which stained the pure white plumage of the expiring swan, he made him observe its eye, already veiled by the approach of death.

Suddenly Parsifal in the presence of his victim, felt the intuition of the suffering he had thought-

Red-Headed Woodpecker

By Dr. R. W. SHUFELDT

DURING the same summer that I had the experience with the kingbird, described in the November issue of *Our Dumb Animals*, an old, male, red-headed woodpecker was brought to me, and an elegant specimen of bird life he most certainly was. I treated him in the same way; as soon as I got one or two good negatives of him, he, too, took advantage of a window I opened for him, and was off in a hurry. His flight and behavior were very different from that of the kingbird, for he flew in long, undulating curves, and lit on the side of an old tree trunk, on its upward incline. He then gave vent to his peculiar call, which I can easily recognize as far as I can hear it. The negatives were good ones, as the production of the photograph in the present article very truly indicates.

We have about forty-six species and sub-species of woodpeckers in the United States avi-fauna, but the red-headed one is my favorite among them all. He has two things to highly recommend him, in my estimation—apart from the fact of the good parent he is while rearing his young. One is his great beauty; for the brilliant crimson head of the old male, his black, blue-glossed mantle, and his pure white breast and primaries, render him a most conspicuous representative of the bird world. The other is the fact that he is one of the woodpeckers that delights in selecting his home near the habitations of man. Last spring three or four pairs built within half a block of our home; and I believe, notwithstanding Washington's rapid growth, they would continue to do so, were it not that the boys of the neighborhood harass them to death by throwing heavy stones against the old, dead trees wherein they are nesting. Next to cats, boys of the city's boundaries are the very worst enemies our birds have, for they not only rob the nests whenever opportunity offers, but they kill a great many every year with the various devices and spring-guns that any toy store has the right to sell to them.

The late Doctor Coues claimed that this beautiful woodpecker was "to some extent cannibalistic"; but personally I have never known of a red-headed woodpecker eating one of its own kind, and I do not believe that such a thing has ever happened.

This woodpecker is fairly abundant in certain localities, though not nearly so as it was three-quarters of a century ago. Man's destruction of them has been too merciless and persistent. Where one is seen now, a dozen or more could be counted in 1850. An ornithologist of note, writing about that time or perhaps a little earlier, states that he has known of cases where one hundred of these have been shot out of a single cherry-tree during the course of a day! A more truthful historian of our birds records the fact that the common black-snake is one of the worst enemies of this frolicsome woodpecker—for there is no bird in the woods more full of fun than is this species. As to the black-snake, Wilson says: "It frequently glides up the trunk of a tree, and, like a skulking savage, enters the woodpecker's peaceful apartment, devours the eggs or helpless young, in spite of the cries and flutterings of the parents; and, if the place be large enough, coils himself up in the spot they occupied, where he will sometimes remain for several days. The

eager school-boy, after hazarding his neck to reach the woodpecker's hole, at the triumphant moment when he thinks the nestlings his own, and strips his arm, launching it down into the cavity, and grasping what he conceives to be the callow young, starts with horror at the sight of a hideous snake, and almost drops from his giddy pinnacle, retreating down the tree with terror and precipitation. Several adventures of this kind have come to my knowledge, and one of them was attended with serious consequences, where both snake and boy fell to the ground; a broken thigh and a long confinement cured the adventurer completely of his ambition for robbing woodpeckers' nests."



THE BEST TREE WARDEN

Our largest woodpecker is the famous ivory-billed one—a bird of great size for one of its kind, and of striking appearance. Through man's ceaseless persecution, it is now all but exterminated. However, we still have a few red-heads left; and I hear the tattoo of one on a near-by dead and leafless chestnut-tree as I write these lines—a tree well within the city limits of Washington. Two or three of his black-headed young ones are upon the same trunk; for the parents have built in it for several springs past, and maybe they will build again in it next year.

THE BIRDS IN WINTER

When the snow comes the birds may starve. A small supply of grain, or even sweepings of haymows, would relieve their distress. Save your crumbs for them. They like bones, pieces of suet, fat meat fastened to trees by wire; cracked rice, mixed birdseed, cracked corn, hempseed, nuts, bread, and sunflower seeds.

THE DEAD ADJUTANT

By NELLIE M. COVE

The following lines were inspired by the sad death of an adjutant stork which escaped from the Franklin Park Zoo in Boston, Massachusetts, and, after a vain search by the authorities, was shot at while passing through the town of Middleboro, thirty-five miles south of Boston.

**The Adjutant is dead:—no more behind
His prison bars will he behold the sun,
And long to spread his white far-reaching
wings,**

**And with his mate go sailing through the air.
One day he saw a chance to break his bonds
And once more cleave the blue of sunlit skies.
God-given instinct helped him on his way.
The Southland called him, and his aim was
sure.**

**The keen delight of freedom lured him on.
But man, with all his learning and his craft,
Has made a law unto himself whereby
He seeks t' outwit th' Almighty's wise intent
That all his creatures shall be free to live
And roam unhindered through his wide dom-**

**ain.
E'en as a fugitive from justice feels
The whizzing bullet, thus this untamed bird
Must be brought low, that so a curious crowd
May see him stuffed and mounted. But to
clip
His wings, at first; yet when the wound was
made
That fatal proved, drawing the life-blood,
then
The noble Adjutant gave up his life
And died a victim to man's wanton lust.**

BIRDS AND THE RAILROADS

By WALTER H. HAMEL

How many of us have ever stopped to think of the number of winter birds that would undoubtedly starve if it were not for the food they obtain from the railroads in the northern States? The birds also obtain water from the same source, many times when it would be impossible to get it anywhere else.

The crow gathers many a meal from the grain that has been strewn along railroad tracks, dropped from passing cars. Owls in the long cold nights of winter have been known to seek, as a favorite feeding place, empty grain cars that have been placed on sidings, where there are usually mice to be found which furnish the birds with their most coveted food. Bluejays, pigeons and sparrows all obtain a goodly supply of winter rations from grain elevators that are along the railroads in many towns throughout the country, the bold English sparrow even entering grain cars whenever opportunity offers.

To the railroad tracks, which are the first places from which the snow disappears, the birds come and find what a kindly Providence has ordered for them.

Quail and pheasants also obtain life's necessities along the roadbeds of railroads. An instance is recalled when, a few years ago, the heavy snow making it impossible for these birds to get anything to eat, large quantities of grain were thrown from the platform of an observation car of a passenger train.

The water tanks at various points along the railroads are not allowed to freeze, and it is not uncommon for the birds to get water that trickles from these never-failing sources. It must be seen, then, that the railroads are a benefit to the birds, and I believe they might well be used to greater advantage in distributing food for the birds whenever the time and the place are suitable.

FREE STALLS AND KENNELS

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals: Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel.

Odd Bits of Bird Lore by HELEN M. McCORD



ONCE lived in one of the most thickly populated wards in the city of Milwaukee. There was no large park or open space where timid birds could nest for more than a mile in any direction, yet humming-birds came frequently to our little garden. We often wondered, but could never guess, how far these tiny creatures had journeyed over solid blocks of houses and busy thoroughfares to seek the sweets they craved.

Nor were they our only bird visitors from distant fields. Rising at dawn one morning, my mother discovered a small owl perched as calmly on a fence board as if his hollow tree were close at hand. In spring and fall migrants often paused in the city for a few hours rest. Rarest of these were a scarlet tanager and his green mate that spent some time on our front steps, not ten feet from a sidewalk where school children were trooping by, and during the moments when city whistles were bidding shrill farewell to the Milwaukee regiment then leaving for the Spanish war. The largest flock of chimney-swifts I ever saw was circling above the tallest buildings in the heart of the city one summer evening about sunset.

Scarcely less trustful was the ruffed grouse (partridge) that stood quietly on the porch of our country home one morning, not a hundred feet from a main-traveled road and little more than a yard from the large window through which we surveyed him, he scanning us the while. When satisfied with his scrutiny he coolly walked down the steps and disappeared around the corner.

One evening at twilight, while driving to the village, a clear "bob-white" sounded from a set of bars at the roadside. So distinct was it that at first we thought it a child's call, but on stopping the horse "Bob" was plainly to be seen on the topmost bar.

"Bob-white," we called back, and again he replied. As long as we cared to answer his calls they were repeated, though it must have puzzled him to guess why his interlocutor remained invisible. The waiting buggy with two interested people peering from the hood seemed to offer him no solution.

How many bird lovers have watched a wild bird fall asleep? Twice in one summer I had that pleasure and considered it a charmingly intimate glimpse into nature. Just as twilight was merging into night a phoebe (in one case it was a vireo, but in both the process was the same) selected a bough within six or eight feet of our open door and windows and settled herself upon it near the tip. After a good look around in every direction, to make sure nothing harmful was likely to approach, her feathers were loosened with a shake; one wing was preened and then the other. Birdie meditated for a few minutes, gave a yawn or two, picked a little more at some unruly plume. The bright eyes glanced about again, then grew more drowsy. Last of all the little head was tucked beneath a wing, and phoebe-bird succumbed to restful slumber.

THE LIFE OF A PIGEON

We are glad to publish this interesting comment on pigeons from one who is an authority on the subject, Miss Marshall Saunders, author of "Beautiful Joe":

"In the last number of *Our Dumb Animals* someone speaks of the pigeons who still visit Mr. Angell's old office, and wonders whether they are the same birds fed by that loved and regretted friend of all living creatures. Ten years is the extreme age of a pigeon, though they often live longer. My 'Princess Sukey,' an old Jacobin, is fifteen years. She was a delicate bird put out of the nest to die by her parents, but owing to my great care of her she is still flourishing. A pigeon carries in its wing a certificate of birth. I am quoting from Victor Fortier, assistant poultry husbandman in Canada. Mr. Fortier says that the various molts leave marks on certain feathers of the wing of the pigeon and to tell the age of a bird it is only necessary to look for these marks and interpret them correctly."

"I enclose a photograph of Princess Sukey that has never been published. When I came out of the hospital, where I was confined for several weeks, this pet pigeon was so glad to see me that she walked up and down constantly, and would not sleep, eat, nor drink for a day."



PRINCESS SUKEY, A RED JACOBIN

FOR MILADY

By SAIDEE GERARD RUTHRAUFF

A white fox, slain for milady's hands,—
His mate for her soft, white throat,
For her dainty head, a murdered thing
That has sung its last sweet note!

And they call milady "tender of heart"—
She shrinks at the sight of pain,
She trembles at creatures' dying cries,
Yet she wears the creatures slain!

HIS MAJESTY THE EAGLE

CHAS. P. SHOFFNER in *Farm Journal*

ABOUT the only places one sees this noble bird today are in our large zoological gardens, and now and then on a gold piece. If in a zoo, his spirit has fled and he looks and is a grouch. On the gold piece he is acceptable, but too hard to secure, and therefore uncommon.

There are two varieties of eagles in the United States—the golden eagle and the bald eagle. The nobler of the two is the golden, whose home is always in mountainous regions, although he sweeps over the plains and valleys. The golden eagle is of great size, robust form and powerful physique. Both varieties are brave and show great skill in hunting, and fine courage in defending their nests. A gull has fine control and seems perfectly at home in the air, but compared to an eagle he is simply an amateur. There is a dignity and ease about an eagle's flying that makes a mere man realize his limitations, and such a flight once seen will never be forgotten.

Two days before, I had watched one of the greatest aeronauts give an exhibition of flying at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, at San Francisco. It was a great sight. He swooped and glided and turned, and then, just to show how he could tempt death, made his aeroplane turn half a dozen loop-the-loops. A man standing near, said: "And for how long?" And at once there flashed through my mind that long list of men whose wonderful flights have ended in death. Less than a month previous, a similar exhibition was given at that place by Beachey. Thousands were watching when the wings closed like those of a tired bird, the motor stopped, the machine fell, and another aeronaut had made his last flight. As I watched these eagles, the aeronaut's flight was very vivid to me, and a comparison could not be avoided.

The eagles made three grand circles and then the female flew to Mt. Tamalpais and was lost in the distance; but the male wanted to give me an exhibition of flying that was flying. The aeronaut's flight was a race with death just a few feet away; this was a glorious conquering of the air with life as a companion. One made you shiver, the other charmed. Around and around the eagle flew, always going higher and higher; up, up, he went. It was very hard on the neck, but I could not take my eyes from that bird. He seemed to know that something great was expected of him, and he never faltered, but went right up, up, into that sea of blue until he was but a tiny spot, and still up, up, ever upward, he flew, until the speck melted into the azure.

Such scenes are only given to mortals on high days and holidays; that was my high day. Here's to his majesty the eagle! Long may he fly, and may his tribe ever live on the peaks and towering pinnacles, where the sky and clouds meet, and where you and I are strangers in a strange land.

THE WREN'S NEST

Wren, canst thou squeeze into a hole so small?
—Ay, with nine nestlings, too, and room for all;
Go, compass sea and land in search of bliss,
Then tell me if you find a happier home than this.

SIDE LIGHTS ON THE WAR

Drove Her Horses to Safety

A Polish lady, in order to save her two horses, drove the whole way from Warsaw to Brest-Litovsk, a distance of one hundred and eighty-five versts. A verst is a little less than a mile. Fodder and a pail of water were carried on the back of the vehicle. She was prepared to drive even further into the interior if necessary.

Remained to Care for Pets

In a village on the Grand Morin an aged lady sent round the town-crier with a drum, as is the practice in provincial France, to announce that she would take care of all cats and dogs left by their owners in their flight from the locality, and she remained behind to look after these household pets.

Tom-cat Not Afraid of Shrapnel

The Belgian Army *Messenger* has a story of an old tom-cat, from no one knows where, who has made his home in the trenches on the Yser. His existence seems intimately bound up with that of the soldiers, whose sang-froid and powers of endurance he imitates. If he hears the sound of shrapnel, he goes from one soldier to the other, rubbing himself against their legs. Shells make no impression on him. He watches them against the sky and waits till they burst without disturbing himself in the least. One day—he had certainly breakfasted too well—he was seen stretched on a ruined wall, where he lay the whole day in spite of the heavy bombardment. From time to time he was covered with debris from the explosion of a shell. He sprang up, shook himself, mewed angrily and then resumed his former position on the same stone.

Pets a Delight to the Soldier

To own a mascot has always been considered a hall-mark of quality amongst our fighting men, and today it is a diversion to turn from war's sanguinary side to the pets which delighted the soldiers and sailors in time of peace, says the London *Weekly Telegraph*. This fact the picture-papers and news-agencies have been quick to grasp, and, thanks to them, the mascots of famous regiments and battleships have sprung into fame in quite a short time.

HATS OFF TO THE ILOILO CHIEF

The following announcement from the Chief of Police of Iloilo is quoted from the Iloilo *Enterprise Press*, Zamboanga, Philippine Islands, and is heartily endorsed by the *Herald of Mindanao*:

"Notice is hereby given to all owners and drivers of public-carromata horses in this city that hereafter cruelty to animals will not be tolerated by this department. In order to keep abreast with the times, and to demonstrate to the world that we are rapidly approaching that state of civilization which Congress exacts of us before self-government can be granted, we must protect our dumb creatures from the brutality of those who have no conception of the ordinances of simple humanity. Horses and vacas must not be beaten unnecessarily. The common spectacle on our streets of these animals being driven when suffering from wounds inflicted by brutal drivers, or from sickness or feebleness occasioned by a lack of nourishment and long painful hours of service, 'will not be tolerated further.' Checkreins must be taken down when any horse is not traveling, —this applies to Americans as well as to others. In fact this department knows no favorites in the strict enforcement of its duties; please observe this carefully."

Remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. when making your will



SHETLAND PONIES IN THEIR NATIVE LAND

THE HURRYING VAN

By HELEN M. RICHARDSON

There was a crowd upon the city street,
Gay voiced and laughing as it passed along.
Women and men in gala dress that vied
With the bright sunlight in its gladsome
cheer.

Anon a gleeful shout assailed the air
'Mid beating drums and music everywhere.
Cheer upon cheer rose loud above it all.
It was a moment when the joy of life
Held suffering in leash. It came at last,
And beat upon the ears like clash of arms.
The hurrying van along the pavement sped
With swift directness to the fatal spot.
A horse had been o'er taken by a stroke
That might mean death; and to his aid had
come

The friendly wagon marked, S. P. C. A.
Into its shelter with most tender hands
The wounded beast was placed. There was a
hush

Upon the throng that erstwhile was so gay,
They watched the ambulance pass on its way,
And no one said: "Twas but a horse, at best."
All felt their pulses stirred with one accord,
To bless the humane men who helped to
rear

A hospital in which our dumb friends find
Surcease from pain, or quick and sure release.
Oh, you who fancy greed and lust for gain
Has made the human race callous and cold,
Look on this structure but so lately reared
To succor those compelled by man's caprice
To fall uncared-for and as carrion die,
And lift up your heads and straighter stand,
Knowing that men still live who "lend
hand."

DRAFT-HORSE vs. AUTO TRUCK

We have had some experience with farm tractors, and believe that they will some time greatly assist or may even at the present time help in the heavy pulls; but just how they will ever supplant the draft-horse for farm work is not a point about which there "is no use arguing." One of our neighbors has two large tractors which have been cast aside "never to turn a wheel again," and there has been no effort to avoid expense in giving them a fair trial. On the other hand, consider the draft gelding Ivanhoe, owned by the Union Stock Yard & Transit Co., Chicago, which has doubled his value in his relatively short period of service and outlived two \$1500 auto trucks in a place where hauling conditions are most favorable.—From letter to *Breeder's Gazette*, Chicago.

SIAMESE CATS AND DOGS

By DAVID BANKS SICKELS

THE Siamese people are passionately fond of animals, but cats and dogs are prime favorites and no household is happy without them. The Siamese cats of the native breed are noted for their rare beauty and the docility of their dispositions, their large pink eyes and heavy tufted tails resembling the Angora species, although the cats are somewhat smaller.

When I resided in Bangkok I sent a pair of these remarkable felines to the wife of Ex-President Hayes, and they became the much admired pets in that household. Unfortunately they could not endure the cold weather and died in less than a year, although the greatest care was taken to keep them in the warmest places in the house and they were never allowed to venture outside except during the warmest days of summer. They were fed on milk and boiled rice exclusively and never ate any kind of meat—the diet to which they were accustomed in their native land. These were the only Siamese cats of the purest breed of mauve-colored fur that ever came to this country.

At the time of my residence in Siam there were ten thousand dogs in the city of Bangkok without owners and absolutely homeless. As it is contrary to the religion of the Buddhists to take the life of any living thing, these pariah dogs, as they were called, were permitted to roam through the streets of the city at will and entirely unmolested by the police or the people. When they were hungry they wandered into the temple grounds where the Buddhist priests, in accord with their religion, fed them, and allowed them to seek shelter from the scorching rays of the tropical sun in the little sales which are to be found near every sacred temple.

These poor creatures are never pelted by the people or even by the rudest boys in the streets because they are noted for their docility. Some of them are very repulsive looking animals, because they are almost hairless from disease resembling scurvy, but they are often treated by the kind-hearted priests and cured of the malady by the use of coconut oil, which is rubbed over their bodies with a palm leaf.

A few years ago the King provided suitable kennels for these dogs outside the city limits and contributed a sufficient sum from his private purse for their care and protection, and now a dog is seldom seen in the street except when accompanied by its owner.

Live Stock Transportation and Slaughter-House Problems

From address delivered at Annual Convention of American Humane Association, November 9, 1915

By STELLA T. HATCH, President of the Cleveland (Ohio) Animal Protective League



PROBABLY no cruelties ever existed equal to those of the present live stock transportation, and slaughter-house methods in the United States, because the suffering resulting from those cruelties is endured annually by over a hundred million

live and sentient creatures, whose only voice is that of the so-called dumb brute, a voice as yet not understood except by a few, to whom is given the divine gift of sympathetic understanding.

It must be remembered that, in addition to the time that cattle are in transit, it is hours before they are placed in the cars. They are taken to pens where they wait until a sufficient number have been brought to fill a car and there they suffer from extreme weather conditions. On the long journey they are wedged together and when one falls from exhaustion, it is trampled under foot, often killed. Where the 36-hour law is in force the animals frequently become frenzied from thirst and hunger, then frightful conditions ensue; partitions are broken down, the hogs get in with the sheep and calves; they trample on each other, killing and injuring, the stronger sometimes preying on the weaker, making of the car a veritable shambles.

Two years ago a bill was introduced into the Ohio legislature, seeking to extend the time of transportation of live stock from 24 to 36 hours. Notwithstanding its cruel nature, this inhuman bill passed the House of Representatives with but one dissenting voice, that of a member who was at the time the president of a humane society. But so determined was he to suppress this cruel measure, that he enlisted the help of an animal league in Cleveland and the bill was defeated.

One of the worst features of live stock transportation, especially in the fall and winter, is the open slatted car. Traveling in an open car in freezing weather at the rate of 35 miles an hour in one direction and the wind blowing at the rate of 35 miles an hour in the other direction, is nothing less than torture unendurable for any animal.

In March, 1914, a car-load of calves came into the Cleveland stock-yards, their legs frozen up to their bodies. As they could not walk, the car had to be switched to the back of the abattoir in order to take them off. A local newspaper took up the matter and published it, with the result that the meat inspector, a humane man who reported the cruelties to animals shipped in open slatted cars, was suspended by the head of the department, but later reinstated.

The sheep also suffer terribly from being sheared of their warm wool in the southern pens, and from traveling into the severe cold of the North. One butcher states that mature cattle are often partially frozen in transit in the open cars, the freezing not sufficient to kill the animal, but enough to cause the poor creature intense suffering. He states that meat, after it has undergone such freezing, is not fit for food.

Horrible abuses are connected with the shipment of immature calves. The calves are taken from their mothers in warm stables, their legs tied, thrown into a wagon, carried several miles through frost and snow; allowed to lie in the snow for half a day before loading them on to a train. This does not apply to the time they are in transit. When 28 hours is allowed for transportation that can be extended to 36 hours on written request of the shipper, these calves are on the road two or three days without nourishment. They are too young to eat, and any pretense of feeding them is a farce. On one occasion the stomachs of a single lot of immature calves were examined. Some of these were dead when brought into the slaughter-house, some were dying. The dying were passed by the inspector for food. The decision of the expert was, that the calves were starving or starved to death.

Last winter on the Pere Marquette railroad two car-loads of young calves were frozen to death because, being too young, they were not in a fit condition for their long and terrible journey. Cows on the same train got through alive though undoubtedly in a partially frozen state.

The smaller slaughter-houses are run with utter indifference to the public health. Not a self-respecting man or woman can spend an hour in the slaughter-house and not be horrified, and wonder at the barbarism of it all. We are yet in

our methods of slaughter utterly uncivilized and in no civilized country are conditions worse in this respect than in the United States.

Now the question arises, what can be done to change these conditions that are now not only a disgrace in the land, but a menace to health and morals?

In the societies for the prevention of cruelty, at our annual meetings and conventions, this vital question of the stock-cars and stock-yards has to a large extent been ignored. To quote Dr. Rowley: "No united, resolute, organized action has been taken." He says:

"We go back from our annual meetings, and once more our local problems engross our attention. Meanwhile the hundred million cattle, sheep and swine, move on night and day to their hells of pain and torture.

"Yet we exist for their protection, as well as for that of the dog, the horse, the cat, the bird. Because these latter are daily about us and we see them, they largely monopolize our care; because we never go to the slaughter-house, never see the look of terror in pleading eyes, are never startled by the gushing streams of blood, pouring from opened throats, nor hear the dying moans; because we only eat the carcasses of the wretched victims as their flesh comes upon our tables; therefore 'out of sight, out of mind,' they are left to their doom."

And now, in the light of this great problem pressing upon us all, shall we go to our homes and allow local matters to engross our time and attention, to the exclusion of a question which involves, not only the protection of millions of animals, but of millions of people? If all the humane societies in the United States work in unison, if some practical plan is devised by which each society will do its quota, why will not a measure of success be attained?

THE COMMON NOTE

By LEVI GILBERT

All night, my Alderney, thy pleading woe
Fell on my ears and broke the calm; at
morn

Again and yet again that plaint forlorn,
Now trumpet-like, now hoarse with grief
and low;

Thy frantic mind was all at loss to know
Why fed not at thy udder thy first-born—
One moment near thee in thy stall, then
torn
Away to shambles for the murderous blow.

A dumb, unthinking brute men say thou
art
With neither soul nor kindled mind;
and yet
That anguished call seemed like a hu-
man pain;
It stirred to earth-wide sympathy my
heart;
It summoned moans and eyes distraught
and wet,
And mother-cries for darlings death
had slain!

SALE OF AIGRETTES

In only two of the principal markets of the country can aigrettes and similar ornaments be legally bought and sold by milliners. Those two are Chicago and Baltimore. In all the other large cities the traffic has been practically stopped.

—New York Sun.



ENTITLED TO THE FULLEST MEASURE OF PROTECTION

Old Mage—a Tribute, by ESTELLE ARMSTRONG



HE was only a dog, uncertain of lineage and without beauty. My father gave him to me when I was eight years old, having purchased him from a wandering band of gypsies, who evidently intended him for a fighter, for they had cropped his ears close to his brindle head and broken his tail so that only a stub remained. He was but a puppy, so small that he curled up in a friendly lap for his first nap in his new home, and yet in a year he tipped the scales close to ninety pounds and had the strength of a dozen ordinary dogs. His general appearance warranted us in believing him to be part bulldog and part mastiff and somewhere back in his vagrant ancestry must have been good blood, for in all his twelve years of life Old Mage was never guilty of any serious canine misdemeanor. Only seldom did he yield to the strong temptation to chase the neighbor's cat—he was on excellent terms with our own—and when he did so his dejected appearance showed all too plainly the pangs of a guilty conscience. If he found the mysteries of the night too interesting and investigated them with undue vocal enthusiasm, a word would always silence him. He steered a straight course through the temptations which beset an ordinary dog, with as keen a sense of honor to guide him as ever possessed by any human.

Old Mage started life bravely as "Major," but as the years passed and his joints grew stiff from

being so much in the water which he loved, he acquired the nickname of "Old Mage" and as Old Mage he was known and loved for many miles. I wonder if it were possible for him in the canine glory provided for such as he to take pencil in paw and jot down his memoirs of his earthly pilgrimage, would his memoirs be at all flattering to the present writer? Oftentimes I fear not. Would he chronicle the cuffs and slaps I gave him, or would he remember only the many happy hours we spent at the river, I fishing, he swimming and diving in an adjacent pool? Surely he would recollect the many times he drew me on my sled over the winter snows, hitched in the harness my father made for him, a doubtful pleasure for him, but occasions of unalloyed happiness for me. With the blessed canine instinct of forgetting blows and remembering only kindness, I believe Major's story would be one of joy and happiness. It is we mortals who nurse our grievances and cherish our wrongs—a dog knows better.

I never expect to understand any human being as perfectly as I understood that dog. We did not need speech—we just understood. I remember one instance in particular. The short northern summer was over and the first cold night of fall had come. I was sitting in the hammock on the porch, just at dusk, when I heard a whine at my elbow. There stood Old Mage, cropped ears down, broken tail down, the picture of desolation. He refused to cheer up at anything I could say and I knew he wanted something—it was but a minute till I knew what.

"Do you want me to put you to bed, Major?" I asked.

Up came the cropped ears and tail, as far as their maimed condition would permit; the whine changed to a joyful bark and he wheeled and started for the barn. When I arrived, he was standing over in the rear of the building by the sleigh, which had been put away for the summer, and in which he had been wont to sleep the winter before, cuddled up in some old robes. I got the robes and he waited till I spread one of them on the bottom of the sleigh, when in he jumped, curled down, and as I spread the other robe over him, gave a big sigh of content. The nights had turned cold and he had come to tell me of it and to remind me of his old bed, that was all, but had he shouted it in the plainest English, I would have understood it no better than I did from his whine and supplicatory expression.

I never knew a more generous spirit, a more loyal heart, a more forgiving disposition. I never met any living thing more deserving of the name of gentleman. With all his great strength and fighting heritage he never was known to fight a dog smaller than himself, nor was he ever beaten in a fight with his own kind.

I owe to Old Mage the happiest hours of my childhood. I had no companion of my own age and before his coming, had played much alone. I do not like to think what my early years would have been without the companionship of Old Mage. His was the perfect comradeship, knowing no faults, offering no criticisms, accepting everything with his happy canine philosophy. In memory I cherish no recollection of early friendships as dearly as I cherish the memory of Old Mage. I have formed no friendships since to which memory reverts more often or with kinder feelings than to the friendship for the comrade of my childhood days.

Kindness to animals is a theme that ought to be touched upon frequently by every preacher and every writer whose aim is to make this world better.



THE HOSPITAL PATIENT

TRIBUTES

By R. M. H.

Trees hang out their leafless branches
In the cold midwinter air;
And upon them snowflakes nestle
With a kind, protecting care;
While the sere grass in the meadow,
Cov'ring all earth's sleeping things,
Feels the warm and sure protection
That each hov'ring snowflake brings.

Little wild things of the forest
Patter safely to and fro
On the mantle that is lying
Where the flowers used to grow.
Nature is a bounteous giver;
Every season shows her care.
Ev'ry bird and beast and flower
In her wise protection share.

Memories of the little Christ-child
And his ministry divine,
With the brilliant holly branches
And the evergreen entwine;
And, as Nature pays her tribute
With these offerings, do we
Bring our homage on Christ's birthday,
As we trim the Christmas-tree.

A THOROUGHBRED ESKIMO



This is a picture of "Benjie," the Eskimo dog belonging to Mrs. J. B. DeVault, Martinsburg, Missouri. He is as smart as he looks. This photograph was taken when he was six weeks old, and is sent to us by Mr. DeVault, editor of the Audrain County *Oracle*.

IN THE PATH OF THE WAR

I am a motor ambulance driver, and was one day recently up around Ypres collecting wounded from the dressing stations. At one of these stations there was a poor old Belgian woman with her legs badly shattered by a German shell, which had dropped in her cottage. She was put into my car and I took her on to _____, about five or six miles back, where our clearing hospitals were. I then took the poor old lady to the Hospice at the Nunnery, where the civilian wounded were being cared for. When we got her inside and the nuns went to take the blanket off her as she laid on the stretcher there we found three fluffy little puppies cuddled up to her breast. The nuns told me it was impossible for them to keep them there, and asked me to take them. Two hours afterwards shells began to drop in the town and one of the first buildings to be hit was the Hospice. A big shell landed right inside the Hospice, killing eight and wounding twelve. The old Belgian woman was among the killed, so she didn't live long to mourn her dear puppies.

We have taken care of them on the convoy up till now, but it is rather awkward sometimes, as we are often moved from place to place at very short notice.

Two of the puppies I have given to chums who, I understand, are arranging for them to be looked after by the Dogs' Home at Boulogne.

—*The Animal World*.

In old age dogs know that they have not any longer the great reserves of force, and decline to follow their masters on horseback, but will still gladly follow them on any merely pedestrian excursion, well knowing the narrow limits of human strength and endurance.

*
The pessimist was suffering from rheumatism. "Every bone in my body aches," he complained.

"You ought to be glad you are not a herring," said the optimist.

Our Dumb Animals

Founded by Geo. T. Angell in 1868

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILL M. MORRILL, Assistant

Boston, December, 1915

FOR TERMS see last pages, where our report of all remittances is published each month.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited, and authors are invited to correspond with the **EDITOR**, 180 Longwood Avenue, Fenway Station, Boston. We do not wish to consider manuscripts over 1200 words in length.

MILITARY TRAINING IN SCHOOLS

Dr. Dudley A. Sargent, director of the Hemenway Gymnasium of Harvard College, does not hesitate to discourage, most emphatically, the attempt to introduce military training into the public schools. Among his reasons, as given in an article published in the *Boston Transcript*, are: (1) That it is not an adequate means for physical training, being not only limited in its activities, but actually harmful in its effects on boys less than eighteen or twenty years old. (2) The most military nations of the world do not have military drill in their schools. (3) Military drill in the schools cannot teach boys the real art of war, since they are too young to handle the real weapons and undergo the rigors of adequate instruction. "Hence," he says, "it is apt to foster a bombastic military spirit of 'tin-soldierism' and a false sense of patriotism."

Dr. Sargent pleads for a "rational system of physical training in the schools and colleges" for both boys and girls, and insists that whatever military training is to be given should only come after young men have reached maturer years. "Upon the foundation of a healthy and vigorous youth," he affirms, "can be laid the technical training for peace or war which is necessary for the successful nation." This testimony from a scientific expert will be welcomed by those who would oppose military training in our schools primarily because of their objection to whatever might foster the spirit of militarism. F.H.R.

THE STUPIDITY OF BLINDERS

"As to blinders on horses, it is necessary to banish them forever and from every land. After the absolute certainty resulting from twenty years of comparative study and reflection, I am convinced they are the last vestige of barbarous times. They deprive the horse of three-quarters of his natural range of vision and are responsible for many of his vices, fears and many accidents. The army, where horses ought particularly to be subject to fear, does not tolerate them."

These words are from an address before the Red Star Society, recently organized in Switzerland, made by M. André Falize, president of the Society for the Protection of Animals, of Paris, and quoted in *L'Ami des Animaux*. This paper closes the quotation, saying, "The Genevese Society purposed to make an active campaign against the blinder and hopes to be seconded in its endeavor by all its sister organizations."

F.H.R.

* * *

When will it be understood that between cruelty toward man and cruelty toward the animal there is only the difference of the victim.

—*L'Ami des Animaux*.

DEHORNING CATTLE

We have several times called attention to a form of extreme cruelty that never seems in this country to have aroused the opposition it deserves from humane societies. It is the widely practised custom of dehorning cattle. This act is performed by sawing the horn off close to the head, sometimes by cutting it off with heavy shears made for that purpose. It is, for the unfortunate animal, a very painful operation. About this there is no question on the part of honest witnesses. In Great Britain it has been prohibited for years by law. No one needs any better evidence of the cruelty involved in the practice than this last statement.

We have learned of three cases of dehorning in Massachusetts during the past few years, but have never been able to find any witness who would testify as to the person doing the deed. We should have prosecuted under the general law if we could have obtained the evidence.

The *Humane Pleader*, issued by the Toronto Humane Society has, in its last issue, a strong article upon this subject in which it says: "It is the intention of the Toronto Humane Society to organize the anti-cruelty forces of Canada against this cruel custom, and, if necessary, promote legislation which will absolutely forbid it. Dehorning must go!"

We are in the heartiest sympathy with this determination of the Canadian Society and shall join them in the campaign, that is—in attempting to do in our own country what they are undertaking in their own.

No one will deny that dehorned cattle are shipped with less trouble, gore each other in the car less frequently, are quieter to handle, and less dangerous to those who have the care of them, than when armed with these natural means of offense and attack. It is even claimed that cows become more docile and give more milk, and that dehorned beef cattle bring a better price in the market. Yet in spite of all this, the custom is too cruel to be allowed in any community understanding what it involves of suffering to the animal.

The whole thing is absolutely needless, because by a single minute's time the growth of the horn in the calf can be prevented. Again and again we have urged the cattle men through the columns of *Our Dumb Animals* to use the simple means which accomplishes the desired end. Dip the finger in water, moisten the little bunch on the calf's head where the horn starts, rub it with a stick of caustic potash until it looks a little red, not even breaking the skin, and no horn will ever appear. This should be done before the calf is two weeks old, better even when one week old. No pain is caused. We have often done this ourselves while the calf has been drinking, and, beside shaking his head because of a minute or two's smarting, no signs of discomfort are manifest.

We are taking steps to find out just the situation in our various States, to learn all the facts, and are ready to say, with our Canadian friends, "Dehorning must certainly go!" If it could be abolished in Great Britain it can be here also.

F.H.R.

OUR CATS

If all lovers of cats would take such care of their own as would include the effort to train them not to destroy birds, there would be far less outcry against these household pets. Perhaps there may be cats that can never be broken of the habit, but we are positive that many can, because of the testimony of so many that it has been done. It requires a little time, much watching at first, and possibly a few scoldings and it may be a little mild punishment, but it's worth the effort both for the birds and the cats.

F.H.R.

SHOULD BE PROSECUTED

In an attempt, at Ausable Chasm, to secure a picture, for a film company, of the dramatic suicide of Don Jose, in remorse for killing Carmen, "Art" Jarvis, on horseback, drove his horse over a precipice, falling with him eighty-three feet. Horse and rider turned two complete somersaults in the frightful plunge. The horse was able to swim ashore. The man was seriously injured. If a man is fool enough to risk his own life in such a mad leap he has not the slightest right to subject a helpless horse to so terrible an experience. No matter how little the horse may appear to be injured, Jarvis should be prosecuted for an act of heartless and brutal cruelty.

F.H.R.

Note: The actor was arrested later by the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, while still in the hospital, and charged with cruelty to the horse, convicted and fined.

THE DOG HE DIDN'T KNOW

Those familiar with the story of "*Rab and His Friends*," will be interested in the following we take from a recent letter from a friend:

"While in Scotland Professor Knight, of St. Andrews, told us of his close friendship with Dr. Brown, the author of '*Rab and His Friends*'." One day, driving in a small closed carriage in the streets of Edinburgh, Dr. Brown did not respond to some important remarks Professor Knight was making to him. Finally finding that the Doctor was absorbed in looking at a dog from the carriage window, he tried to recall his attention by saying, 'Is that a dog you know, Brown?' 'No,' said the Doctor, 'it's a dog I don't know.'"

F.H.R.

CHARLESTON'S LOSS

A stanch and life-long friend of animals was Mr. John R. Arnold, who died in Charleston, South Carolina, October 11, from injuries sustained when he was thrown from his carriage. As a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, he had rendered conspicuous service in the furtherance of its cause, being vice-president and special agent of the South Carolina Society up to the time of his death.

He was a lover of horses and a recognized authority on the subject of veterinary surgery, who gave his time and efforts unsparingly to the care and protection of the animals of his city.

NOT AT 45 MILK STREET

In spite of the fact that *Our Dumb Animals* and the two Societies which it represents removed over nine months ago from their former offices at 45 Milk Street, to the new Hospital building at 180 Longwood Avenue, Fenway Station, Boston, much of our mail continues to come addressed to the old location. All such letters and papers reach us, but they would be received more promptly and it would save trouble for the postal authorities if all correspondents would note this change and hereafter address us at Fenway Station, Boston, Mass. Many of our hundreds of exchanges continue to use the old address. We wish all would take pains to make the change now, while the matter is fresh in mind.

HUMANE CALENDAR FOR 1916

About December 1 the Humane Calendar for 1916 will be ready for distribution. The picture shows a pair of handsome dogs, and the calendar leaves for each month are filled with helpful suggestions. Single copies, postpaid, 15 cents. Greatly reduced prices for large orders. Local societies may have their own imprint, with names of officers, etc., if desired.

The Gila Monster by COL. CHAS. A. P. HATFIELD

[EDITOR'S NOTE: It is not the practice of *Our Dumb Animals* to publish pictures of reptiles or animals, at the sight of which many who see its pages might shrink, nor descriptions of creatures which might cause its readers to shudder. "The Gila Monster" is written by one who is accurately informed. It is an unusually interesting article about one of the strangest of American species which is gradually disappearing before the encroachments of civilization.]

IN the hot valleys of the Gila River and its tributaries in Arizona is found a repulsive and evil looking reptile, for which a more appropriate name could not be conceived than monster.

Looking at it casually it easily might be mistaken for a large lizard, with its fat blunt tail, taking up half of its length of eighteen inches, and its four legs on which it moves awkwardly from place to place; but, on closer inspection, the peculiar rattlesnake markings; the vicious snake-like head, with its powerful jaws, from which a black forked tongue is shot out for two inches, with lightning rapidity, and the green sinister eyes suggest, at least, a dangerous reptile which should be given a wide berth.

My first acquaintance with the monster was in a military camp on the Gila River, where a fine specimen was caught and tied to a bush near my tent. The more closely I examined the reptile the more dreadful it seemed.

At bedtime I went out to visit the captive, to make sure it was securely fastened, but found it had slipped its cord and escaped.

In various camps, for some years previous, on the Mexican border, I had become accustomed to rattlesnakes, centipedes, tarantulas and scorpions—on one occasion at night, on the lower Rio Grande, being compelled to move camp on account of a colony of rattlesnakes which loudly objected to our presence—but never before had I experienced the same uncomfortable, creepy feeling I did on this night, when I thought at any moment the monster might crawl into my tent.

There has been much discussion as to whether or not the Gila monster is a venomous reptile. Specimens have been sent to the Smithsonian, where it was said they had no glands for secreting venom and were harmless; but a different idea prevails and reasonably so, in the southwest. However, it is not aggressive; it is sluggish and not easily aroused; but when it does use its fangs with their bulldog grip, it is always with deadly effect.

Mexicans in that part of the country, in a spirit of bravado, when fortified by several drinks of mescal, are fond of taking a Gila monster in one hand and thrusting the other against its nose; and, strange to say, they generally escape, but not always.

There were two authentic cases which occurred in my vicinity when too close contact with the reptile met with disaster. An American saloon-keeper in Fairbanks, Arizona, kept two large specimens in a barrel as curiosities. One day a Mexican came into the saloon and taking one of them out with his hand, began to show off his usual bravado performance, when he was instantly seized by a finger which could be released only by cutting off the reptile's head.

The Mexican at once showed signs of distress and died from the effect of the bite in less than thirty minutes.

Another case was that of an American ranchman, who started out one morning on horseback to ride to Tucson, fifty miles west of his ranch. When he had gone about half the distance, seeing a large Gila monster crossing the road, he dismounted, and after beating it with a club until, as he supposed, it was dead, he tied it to the saddle straps behind him. After going several miles he felt behind to see that his trophy was

still there, when the reptile's vice-like jaws closed on his thumb. Finding it impossible, without assistance, to pull his thumb away from the reptile's grip, the ranchman went at top speed to a railroad station about a mile off his road, where, to get relief, it was necessary to cut off the monster's head. Fortunately a train was passing at the time which took the man at once to the hospital in Tucson, where, after being at the point of death for several days, he was detained for two months until he was finally cured.

The Gila monster's sluggishness almost amounts to lethargy, and ordinarily, if it were not for his fiendish, unwinking eyes it would seem to be asleep.

At old Fort McDowell, thirty miles north of Phoenix, a happy family consisting of three Gila monsters, a dozen field-mice and a small prairie snake, was confined in an iron cage.

The monsters, apparently petrified, always remained stretched out in the middle of the cage. The field-mice, which were very lively, were continually scampering over them, sometimes sitting

BABY FIELD-MICE

By ROBERT B. ROCKWELL

Zig-zagging here and there through the rank grass of a piece of boggy meadow or seepage-land, may be found a network of tiny trails, beaten hard and smooth by the hurrying feet of the queer, fuzzy, short-tailed little mice known to scientists as Voles or *Microtus*. And if one will take the pains to follow the twisting and turning little roadways during the month of June, one may be rewarded by finding a cozy little nest abundantly lined with soft grasses containing six or eight of the cunning babies pictured above.

Unfortunately, while they are very pretty little creatures to look at, they frequently become enormously abundant in certain localities and do great damage to growing crops. In 1907 they were so abundant in Humboldt Valley, Nevada, that government investigators estimated 12,000 individuals to the acre in certain alfalfa fields. However, under normal conditions, their natural enemies, the hawks, owls, weasels, etc., keep their numbers down to a point where they are not seriously injurious to crops.



FIELD-MICE NEAR DENVER, COLORADO

on their backs. The little snake, also very active, was incessantly gliding among the other members of the family.

Perfect harmony existed until one morning when an old gopher, with long prominent teeth, was put in the cage. The mice immediately ran and hid in their holes. The snake prepared for attack and assaulted the new-comer, when a hard fight began which ended with the snake's strangling and swallowing the gopher.

During this long-drawn-out affair, which lasted over half an hour, the Gila monsters remained as unconcerned as if they were made of stone.

There is reason to suppose there was a wise purpose in the creation of all things—the useful and the apparently useless; the harmless and dangerous—but it is hard to understand what part in life the Gila monster was intended to take. Fortunately, however, in the section where it was common it is now rarely found; since with all other objectionable creatures it is fast disappearing when brought in contact with civilization.

"BLACK BEAUTY" IN SCHOOLS

Miss Helene E. Gregory, a teacher in Mt. Washington, Massachusetts, in ordering copies of "Black Beauty" writes:

"My pupils have become so enthusiastic over the book that they are bringing in their pennies and asking me to send for the book for them."

BIRD TOWN

By JAKE H. HARRISON

It nestles in a valley

Where the zephyrs always blow;

The roses bloom in summer

And the lovely blue-bells grow;

Where honey-suckles clamber

Up the ancient rugged walls,

And babies laugh and gurgle

In the spacious, cleanly halls.

A mass of waving branches

Hangs above its single street,

Where robin, wren and bluebird

In an avic conclave meet;

While children stand and watch them

With a sweet, contented glee,

For Bird Town, be it noted,

Is from cruel urchins free.

The birds are well protected,

Not by law, but love alone;

Are happy and contented,

And have so domestic grown

They never leave in winter,

For they own a sacred rood

And neat and cozy houses

That are well supplied with food.

No hand is ever lifted

That will do them hurt or harm,

The atmosphere of kindness

Has a satisfying charm;

Its tender-hearted children,

And its birds, my bosom thrills

With love for peaceful Bird Town

Neatled deep among the hills.

"Be Kind to Animals" Week

[Extracts from paper presented at convention of American Humane Association, St. Augustine, Florida, November 8, 1915, by Guy Richardson, national secretary of the Humane Sunday and "Be Kind to Animals" Week movement.]

THE very idea of having one entire week set aside in which to emphasize the need of kindness to animals, is one which compels the attention not only of those engaged in the great work of relieving animal suffering but of all those who really care for the speechless hosts dependent on man's mercy. The subject is so inclusive that it touches with one sweep not only practically all the definite topics assigned in the animal section of this meeting, but it is first, last, and always identified with that great idea now receiving so much attention from anti-cruelty workers—humane education. Indeed, what, after a year's trial, has come to be known as "Be Kind to Animals" Week, is even broader in its scope than the term "humane education," for humane education is generally understood to apply to the instruction of children of school age, while "Be Kind to Animals" Week has been found to include not only this but also the general teaching of adults—and very largely those of the more influential classes, especially editors and clergymen—in those ethics which have to do with our relations to the sub-human races.

It was a happy thought, indeed, for the body representing the nation's organized attempts at minimizing cruelty, to pass a Resolution, one year ago, calling for the appointment of a committee to direct the attention of Humane Societies and individuals throughout the country to the observance of a Humane Sunday in connection with a week to be devoted to a special plea for kindness to animals—"Be Kind to Animals" Week. It is fortunate that this good thought became a reality, and that a nation-wide committee carried out the purpose of the Resolution with a degree of success far beyond the expectations either of the members of the committee or, doubtless, the expectations of those who first suggested the idea.

Just as soon as the committees can be announced and the date determined, attention should be focused on giving the widest possible publicity to the movement. If I mistake not, an immediate object of the "Be Kind to Animals" Week is to advertise the idea, to get people to reading about it, to get it talked about in public and in private. The very repetition of the words "Be Kind to Animals" cannot but do good and lead people to think about what we wish them to think of especially, at this time. The choice of words is fortunate; the motto can be heralded in a thousand ways. That the words are destined to be popular, and so aid in producing the results demanded, is attested by the marked attention given them in the press of the country at the time of last year's celebration.

The American Humane Education Society of Boston donated over 5000 leaflets, in response to

requests from societies and individuals everywhere; while the demands upon the American Humane Association of Albany for the special leaflets issued by it were such as to present a serious financial problem. It is pathetic to read, in the report of one State chairman, that in one of his cities the reason why only eight out of twenty-five clergymen preached on kindness to animals was because of a scarcity of leaflets containing material for the preparation of sermons. A supplementary circular of two concise pages, "Suggestions for the Observance of Be Kind to Animals Week, May 17 to 22, 1915" was prepared by the national secretary and forwarded to every committee that could be reached. Calls came in for copies until the edition was exhausted. The closing paragraph in this leaflet reads, "We expect that this, the first year of the 'Be Kind to Animals' Week and Humane Sunday, will be a *great success*." That expectation was more than fulfilled, yet it is realized that only the merest pioneer work has been done in this new field that awaits a glorious harvest each season. The charm about it is that here is an opportunity for every volunteer worker, from the youngest child who has joined the Band of Mercy in school, to the oldest and busiest and most prominent men of affairs, to contribute something towards the success of the celebration.

FAITHFUL "SAM"

By ALICE C. STRONG

Although only a dog of the shepherd variety, Sam was one of the most trusty helpers about the farm. He never did mischief himself, and was always on the lookout to prevent other animals from doing any.

One evening a pail of new milk was brought into the house and, quite contrary to custom, was left on the kitchen floor. A small kitten espied the milk and eagerly ran to help herself. Before the mistress could interfere, and just before the kitten reached the pail, Sam, who evidently had watched proceedings from outside the door, walked in and taking kitty carefully by the nape of the neck walked out of the house and dropped her gently on the grass some distance from the house, then stretched himself on the doorstep on guard.

The whole family were away one day, leaving Sam in charge of the premises. He did not, as usual, meet them at the gate on their return, and it was soon discovered an unruly animal had torn down the fence which separated the yard where the cattle were confined and an adjacent cornfield where nearly a hundred bushels of husked corn were lying in heaps on the ground.

But Sam was at the gap, and not an animal had left the yard. The dog had evidently been on duty there most of the day, and almost perished, as it was bitterly cold. He was brought into the house by the fire and carefully tended until he fully recovered.

THE RIGHT GIFT

Remember
This December,
That love weighs more than gold!
Help us spread the news to young and old;
Friendship bought and sold
Leaves the giver cold.
The right gift
Is the bright gift,
The kind thought and cheer;
Send your loving heart,
That's the greatest part,
So will Christmas crown all the year!

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON.

In the Editor's Library

KILLING FOR SPORT, by Various Writers, with preface by G. Bernard Shaw.

This book, composed of essays by authors, journalists and humanitarians, handles with keen comprehension every phase of the subject indicated by the title. In his preface, G. Bernard Shaw argues the matter in a clean-cut, witty and convincing manner.

Today, with men in every calling realizing more and more the demands of dumb creation for their protection, the book is most timely. The essays on the "Callousness of Fox-Hunting" and "Blood Sports at Schools" picture the infliction of much needless suffering—the acme of cruelty—in the name of so-called "Sport."

The cost of maintaining immense reservations for the breeding of furred and feathered things only that they may be slaughtered, without any adequate returns to the country, is also carefully detailed.

The book covers, fully and clearly, the economic as well as the humane side of this very vital question.

186 pp. \$2/6 net. G. Bell and Sons, Ltd., London.

THE PIG BROTHER PLAY-BOOK, Laura E. Richards.

This collection of story-plays comprises some of the best writings of one of the leading, present-day writers of juvenile literature. They are presented in a form most suitable for child-acting and convey many a useful lesson, in addition to the entertainment and instruction they afford. Children from six to eleven, especially those with a bent for "playing a story," will take great delight in these fables.

110 pp. 50 cents net. Little, Brown and Company, Boston.

LITTLE PETS OF ANIMAL LAND, Harry Whittier Frees.

How much patience and kindness and skill can accomplish in the fascinating art of photography of pet animals, as shown in this volume, is a revelation. Kittens and puppies are Mr. Frees' specialty. He has placed them in all manner of graceful positions, dressed them in bewitching costume and pictured them sometimes engaged in domestic duties, sometimes indulging in pastimes such as those in which little children delight to revel. Each of the sixty half-tones of his pets are so natural, so successful, that the author, fearing that there might be doubt in some minds as to their genuineness, assures us that every picture was taken from life.

Almost equally entertaining is the descriptive narrative accompanying each picture, the arrangement being such as to form a continuous story.

252 pp. \$1.70, postpaid. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston.



My Friend, the Toad by FREDERICK M. WHITE

I WILL acknowledge at the outset that I met my friend, the toad, by accident. That is, he came into my rock garden on a prospecting tour, no doubt, and while resting on a log in a shady nook, introduced himself by a peculiar sound. It was just at dusk, so seating myself on a rustic bridge I made up my mind I would study his movements.

One couldn't brag of his beauty, unless the squareness of his figure should be considered. He was a big fellow and when he lumbered off the log he landed on his head. Surely, thought I, he hasn't much in the way of brains. Picking himself together, he cautiously moved toward the carnation bed.

For a period of five minutes or more he remained motionless. Suddenly, out shot his tongue with lightning-like rapidity and a juicy cutworm bid good-bye to friends and earthly scenes.

"Fine boy," I said, under my breath.

I had tried in every manner possible to rid this bed of cutworms. Almost as fast as I transplanted the carnations from the propagating boxes they mowed them down. It was now my pleasure to see four of these worms pass into the world beyond, before darkness covered the toad's movements.

Next evening, I looked long and hard before I discovered him squatting under the cucumber leaves. Two years in succession the bugs had ruined my vines. My love for this edible was the only thing that encouraged me to try it again this year. It was, therefore, some satisfaction when I noticed the old fellow picking off the pests.

Coming over a meadow bog a few evenings later, I found another good sized toad which I conveyed to my garden.

In order to encourage the toads to remain, I built a cement basin two feet wide by three feet in length. At the sides I set out a few shade-giving plants. In the center a few rocks were arranged. This, when filled with water, made a very attractive spot for the toads.

Before many days there were at least a dozen toads in the bog. Where they came from no one could say.

My garden, which had been overrun with insects for two years, now became healthy. It was a joy to see leaves for once free of the usual insect perforations. Slug and bug exterminators were no longer brought into service. The toads attended to that part of the work.

One evening a neighbor accidentally killed one with his lawn mower. "Here's our chance," I suggested, "to prove how great a service the toad renders."

It had a ravenous appetite; that much I knew, but of its real worth I was in doubt.

We soon had the contents of the stomach spread out on a board. Such an array of pests is seldom seen.

There were cutworms, caterpillars, thousand legged worms, beetles, cockroaches, sow-bugs, cabbage worms, moths and cucumber beetles. A snail, and a slug an inch and a half long. All told we counted forty-six noxious insects, besides flies and a few small bugs.

That settled the question as to whether the toad was a friend to mankind. Henceforth, he deserved our protection and would receive it.

Talking with another man a short time later, he stated that he had counted under the microscope, in his laboratory, twelve cutworms, six caterpillars, four sow-bugs, nine cabbage worms, with a few mosquitoes, in the stomach of a toad.

My garden is free of pests. My plants healthy. I have only the toad to thank for it.

This article has an object; namely, to urge all

to protect the toad. Encourage it to live in your garden by building a small bog pond, near which arrange a few slabs and rocks as a shady rendezvous on hot summer days. With this encouragement one can soon bid good-bye to insect troubles.

Toads have a strong homing instinct. A gardener tells of having had two in his garden for more than eight years.

A heavy tax has always been levied by pests. The toad is now proving itself an efficient check to insect multiplication and ravage. By his good works may he be better known!

We have our game laws and our bird laws. Hasten the day when we shall have such a protection for our friend—the toad!



FRIENDS FOR LIFE

THE DEVOTION OF A CAT

When my husband died fourteen years ago, his pet gray and white cat, Baby, two years old, became especially dear to us all. She rarely left the room where I wrote, usually sitting in my lap in the library.

Over a month ago, being ill, I went East to the home of my son. The cat would no longer remain in the room—waited for me each day, and though seeming perfectly well, died the morning I came home—three hours before I got there. She could wait no longer.

SARAH K. BOLTON,
Cleveland, Ohio.

THE PROPHECY by LAURA G. WOLFE

Midnight in the quaint little village, and darkness hangs over it all,
Save the one taper light in the stable, where a cradle is formed from a stall.
There Mary, the mother of Jesus, her anguish of travail a-done,
In slumber lies quiet and peaceful, while cradled close by is her Son.

The flame of the candle burns steady, and points a long finger of light
Where the life of the Babe is foreshadowed; and one marvels in awe at the sight.
For the shadows of beams meet and linger, foretelling the Gain, through the Loss,
That shall ring down the ages forever, for the light, and the shade, form a cross!

HOW "BAGGAGE" WAS SAVED

By ARTHUR NORMILD

EVEN if he can't express his feelings, "Baggage" is very grateful. He seems to try to show his appreciation by not spilling his milk all over the corner of the baggage-room in the New York Central station, at White Plains. He also knows the baggage-master will appreciate his carefulness even if the pretty girl to whom he is so much indebted won't know about it. And he probably knows the kind man who rules the baggage-room thanked the girl for him.

"Baggage," you see, isn't at all like what his name suggests. He is neither large nor heavy and has never been banged around and turned upside down and had labels pasted all over his back. He's just a plain kitten, an appealing little piece of live black fur, duly thankful for his proud lot in the feline world and bearing his honors as mascot of the baggage-room of the great big station with dignified modesty.

But "Baggage" must feel very grateful for he nearly met with disaster only a few evenings ago—a disaster which would probably have claimed every one of the nine lives he hopes to live. A railroad station is a very big place and holds many dangers for a little fellow like "Baggage" even if he is a railroad mascot. Then, too, "Baggage" is unable to read the "safety first" warnings put out by the great big company that built his home. "Baggage" took a stroll the other evening and very foolishly walked out on the south-bound tracks. That wouldn't have been so bad had it not been for the fact that the 8.15 express was due. "Baggage" heard the noise of the approaching train at the same time as did the pretty young girl, a member of the newly formed Band of Mercy, who was waiting for it. Luckily for "Baggage" she didn't get frightened by the sound, though he did and cowered down between the rails. The girl was quick to act—she had to be—and in a moment "Baggage" was in her arms and she was back on the station platform carrying the trembling kitten to his corner in the baggage-room. And that is why "Baggage" is so grateful.

Miss Edmonia DuCote, of Chatterton Parkway, White Plains, New York, is the girl who saved "Baggage." She is a member of the recently organized Band of Mercy in that town, the purpose of which is to work for the welfare of dumb animals.

CORPORATION CATS

Cats are the only animals which are ever really owned by clubs and corporations, observes *The Spectator*. A dog, if it nominally belongs to a company of men, is really the property of a single individual man. It must have a master. A cat, being always its own master, lives happily under a corporate body. Some of the lordliest and most self-satisfied beasts I have ever known were club and college cats. A cat belonging to one of the London dock companies was almost ridiculous (if a cat could be ridiculous) from the airs of possession and self-importance which it assumed in regard to the company's vaults. Sir Frederick Pollock has shown us, in the "Senior Fellow," to what a pitch of dignity a college cat may rise when it is once on the foundation of a learned society.



"SANTA CLAUS STEEDS" IN THE FAR NORTH

THE REINDEER IN AMERICA

By FRANCIS J. DICKIE

THE reindeer fills many and varied requirements of man. It is an "all-around" animal. As a beast of burden in northern climes it is fleet, strong, docile; finds the fodder of these parts adaptable to its needs. To the housewife herein it supplies fresh meat for the table, milk and butter. From its hide comes most excellent leather.

Today, fathomed by the United States Government, reindeer herds are playing an important part in the lives of the natives of Alaska; and a people, formerly often in want and generally improvident, are now getting on a better basis mainly through the possession and raising of these beasts.

Dr. Grenfell, noted missionary worker to the people of Labrador, some years ago imported a herd into that country. The animals have proved a boon to the natives of that bleak land.

Following this success with the animals there, the Canadian Government shipped a herd from Labrador to the Mackenzie district in northern Canada, where climatic conditions very much resemble those of Alaska and Labrador.

Owing to the long trip by steamer, rail, sloop boat and trail, the animals were forced to travel four thousand miles, and a number of them died.

However, those that survived are doing nicely and have shown that raising reindeer in this district is a possibility. Probably after the war, when the Government has time to turn its attention to such things, the experiment will be vigorously pursued. The reindeer may also become an important help to the Indians, half-breeds and Eskimos living in this land.

The accompanying photograph shows a team at Fort Smith on the border between Mackenzie territory and Alberta.

BANDS OF MERCY IN EDMONTON

The Band of Mercy banner is waving in Edmonton, Alberta, where Superintendent W. G. Carpenter heartily endorsed the movement in the public schools. It is expected that 10,000 children soon will be enrolled, through the efforts of Mrs. George Grayton, representing the Alberta Humane Society.

Cards are to be hung up in every schoolroom in the city, which means that forty schools will be visited. When they read the cards, the teachers will explain how the children may become members. The Society will then present one of the "Be Kind to Animals" Band of Mercy buttons to each pupil who signs the pledge.

CHRISTMAS CHEER

I like the Christmas feeling; there is nothing can compare With the free and kindly spirit that is spreading everywhere. The rich, the poor, the young and old, all catch the atmosphere, And every heart for once is full of good old Christmas cheer.

The American Band of Mercy

Founded by Geo. T. Angell and Rev. Thos. Timmins

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

E. A. MARYOTT and L. H. GUYOL, State Organizers

GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

PLEDGE: "I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

We send without cost to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and address of the president:

1. *Our Dumb Animals*, for one year.
2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
3. An imitation gold badge for the president.

See last page for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Three hundred and eighty-one new Bands of Mercy were reported in October, of which 112 were in Rhode Island, 76 in Massachusetts, 55 in Maine, 53 in Ohio, 31 in Connecticut, 15 in Texas, twelve in Pennsylvania, five each in Maryland, South Carolina and Kentucky, three in California and two in Kansas, nearly all having been organized in the schools. The numerals show the number of Bands in each school or town:

Schools in Massachusetts

Dorchester: Oliver Wendell Holmes, Room 8.
Haverhill: Cogswell, 9; Greenleaf, 4; Kimball, 4; Peabody, 4; R. L. Wood, 4; Ward Hill, 3; East Central Ninth Grade, 9; Bartlett, 8; Wilson St., 8; Moody, 15; Crowell, 8; Groveland St., 2; Ayers' Village.

Schools in Maine

Bath: Advent Christian S. S.; Washington St. Grammar, 4; Dummer St., 2; North Grammar, 4; North Primary, 4; Centre Grammar, 4; Centre Primary, 4; South St. Grammar, 4; South St. Primary, 5; Washington St. Primary, 4; Weeks St. Grammar, 4; Weeks St. Primary, 3; Winnebago; North Bath.

Brunswick: Harding.
Litchfield: Willard.
Peaks Island: Brackett Memorial Church S. S., 2.
West Bath: Methodist S. S., Trufants Corner.

West Gardiner: Spear's Corner.
Winthrop: Winthrop Centre, 2; East Winthrop; Baptist S. S.

Woolwich: Sagadahoc Ferry.
Moultonboro, New Hampshire: Ambrose.

Schools in Rhode Island

Ashton: Berkeley, 6.
East Providence: Bourne Ave. Grammar, 6; Williams Ave., 2; Phillipsdale Primary, 2; Union Primary, 3; James St., 4; Grove Ave., 8; A. P. Hoyt Grammar, 9; Potter St., 4; Mauran Ave., 5; Turner Ave. Primary, 4; East St., 2; Ellis, 3; Leonard; Willett Ave., Riverside Grammar, 9.

Lincoln: Manville, 6; Albion Grammar, 3; St. Ambrose.
Providence: Slater Ave., 4; Almy St., 4; East Manning, 4; Sisson St., 4; Ives St., 5; East St., 6.

THE KINGLET'S CHRISTMAS SONG

By FANNY C. HARVEY

I am a very tiny King,
Few birds are small as I,
And yet I wear a yellow crown,
A badge of royalty.

I shine and glimmer as I flit
Amid dark cedar trees,
I am a firefly of the day,
A shuttle of the breeze.

I am a radiant little King,
I have a happy Queen.
We hover, flutter and alight
Our dainty fare to glean.

And then we hurry on our way
In the cold season grim,
When Christ was born and wise men came
To bring their gifts to Him.

I am a dauntless little King,
I brave the wintry storm.
I wear an olive-colored coat
And somehow I keep warm.

And now and then I sing a strain
So faint and sweet and high,
The ear must needs be quick and keen
To catch my minstrelsy.

A golden-crowned King am I
Of low yet high degree.
The One who guides the sage and saint,
He deigns to watch o'er me.

Listen! my song of faith to hear
And from all care be free.
God guards the Kinglet from the blast,
Will He not comfort thee!

The American Band of Mercy

Founded by Geo. T. Angell and Rev. Thos. Timmins

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

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GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

Listen! my song of faith to hear

And from all care be free.

God guards the Kinglet from the blast,

Will He not comfort thee!

Saylesville: Louisquissett; Quinnville, 2.

Slaterville: Richmond; Rockland; Ponagansett.

Schools in Connecticut

Avon: Huckleberry, 2; District No. 5, 2 Cider Brook; District No. 2.

Bloomfield: North Middle.

Collinsville: District No. 6 Primary.

East Granby: District No. 2; Centre, 3; Spoonville District; Copper Hill.

Granby: Hungary; Granby St., 2.

Middleton: Johnson, 6.

Tariffville: Grammar, 2; District No. 3, 3.

Unionville: District No. 4.

West Hartford: North, 2.

Chambersburg, Pennsylvania: Public Schools, 12.

Schools in Ohio

Cincinnati: Sherman, 22.

Damascus: Public, 3.

Lisbon: Public, 12.

Salem: Willow Grove.

Sebring: Lincoln, 4; McKinley, 5; Public, 6.

Given, Iowa: Given.

Duluth, Minnesota: Monroe School.

Dupee, Montana: Rocky Mountain.

Kensington, Kansas: Kensington.

Smith Centre, Kansas: True Blue.

Canton, Maryland: Willing Workers.

Sykesville, Maryland: Canary; Oriole; Robin; Cardinal.

Bands in Kentucky

Blaine: Big Blaine.

Fallsburg: Fallsburg.

Hannah: Chickadee.

Hardy: Hardy.

Hartlett: Tackett.

Bands in South Carolina

Blackstock: White Oak; Armenia.

Columbia: Howard.

Irmo: Be Kind to Animals.

Laurens: Be Kind to Animals.

Savannah, Georgia: Congregational.

Bands in Texas

Fort Worth: Arlington Heights, 11.

North Fort Worth: Thomson Chapel; Washington Heights

Van Alstyne: C. M. E.

West Fort Worth: Pilgrim Valley.

Duncan, Idaho: Duncan.

Spokane, Washington: Boulevard.

Riverside, California: Fifth B. Grade.

Visalia, California: East Lynn; Outside Creek.

Total number of Bands of Mercy, 98,015.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

TO A CHICKADEE

BY MYRA A. BUCK

Pretty, pretty little bird on the snowy bough,
Do you feel the wintry chill; are you hungry now?
Tell me, little bird, I pray, what you find to eat
On the frosty snowy ground, in the storm and sleet.

Bugs and worms you cannot find when the snow is deep.

Is there any cozy place where you hide to sleep?
Other birds have flown away to a warmer clime;
You, oh, little chickadee, brave the winter time.

I will scatter crumbs for you out upon the lawn;
Pretty little bird, I pray, come there ev'ry morn;
I will build a little house, place it in the tree.
You shall go and live inside, pretty chickadee.

JENNY LIND'S BIRD RIVAL

JENNY Lind had a voice of such wonderful sweetness and purity that the name of the "Swedish Nightingale" was given her. She was also called the "Queen of Song." It is a pretty story that tells how she once met her rival, a bird, and, after being charmed by his song yielded him first honors.

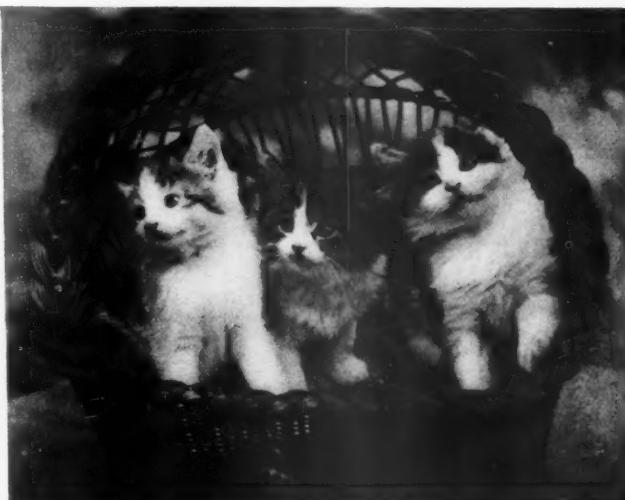
As she was out riding in the country with some of her friends, a beautiful bird, perched nearby, trilled out such a wonderful series of sweet notes that the great opera singer was astonished. Having the carriage stopped, she herself sang a few strains of her finest music. The beautiful bird arched his neck, listened quietly to the end, and then began to sing again in such a way that Jenny Lind clasped her hands for joy. Then again she sang, using some of her Tyrolean mountain strains. The bird answered back in its wonderful trills, until Jenny herself acknowledged that the pretty bird singer had really out-caroled her.



CHRISTMAS IN THE NURSERY

A LITTLE TALE OF THREE KITTENS

IT would be hard to find three luckier kittens anywhere than those whose picture is here shown. They were born last spring. Their mother was a poor, abandoned beggar cat, left behind at a place in Maine where many happy people spend the summer. She led a sorry life for a while as hundreds of other cats do when the families who have taken good care of them all summer go home and leave their pets to get along alone as best they can. Not until long after the weather got cold and it was hard for a cat to find anything



out-of-doors at all fit to eat, did this mother succeed in finding a home. A very kind lady happened to see how badly off she was and took her in. The good lady informed us that the poor, hungry wanderer seemed glad to get a warm place to be in and plenty to eat.

The kittens were born the first day of June and the two on the right turned out to be Angoras. All three were very pretty kittens and admired by every one that saw them. The two Angoras have left their little sister since the picture was taken and gone to live in a fine home in New York. The other one is still with its mother in Maine. Now, the lady who befriended the poor deserted cat when she was in great need, runs a little Gift Shop in the summer-time and sells lots of post-cards with the picture of the three kittens on them.

GEESE THAT WEAR BOOTS

THERE is probably no place in the world where geese are raised more extensively than in Poland. Warsaw is the great center for the trade in these birds and it is the town of Dvinsk, near which the Russian and German armies have been fighting so furiously of late, that has largely supplied the Warsaw market. Dvinsk, too, is probably the only place in the world where geese are shod.

The Polish farmer does not send his birds to market in coops and by train. That would be a considerable expense. He drives them on the highway, the flock often numbering several hundred. That they may walk to Warsaw without getting sore feet, he shoes them. They are first made to walk over a patch of road covered with warm tar and then over another patch covered with sand. In this way the feet get a coat of tar and sand, and they make the journey without becoming footsore. They are able to travel over the hard roads at the rate of a mile an hour or about ten miles a day.

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OUR GOAL

Not until our law shall have been perfected by further legislation and judicial decisions; not until our agents shall be found in every town; not until the rich shall give from their abundance in streams rather than driblets, and the poor according to their ability; not until the pulpit and the press, those tremendous engines of good or evil, shall speak plainly in our behalf; not until our paper, or its equivalent, shall be read in every school of the State, and every school boy and girl of the State shall be faithfully instructed as to the rights and wrongs of animals,—not until all these things have been accomplished, shall we begin to feel that we are properly coming up to the magnitude of our work.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

RECEIPTS BY THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. FOR OCTOBER, 1915

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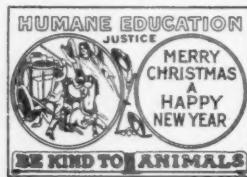
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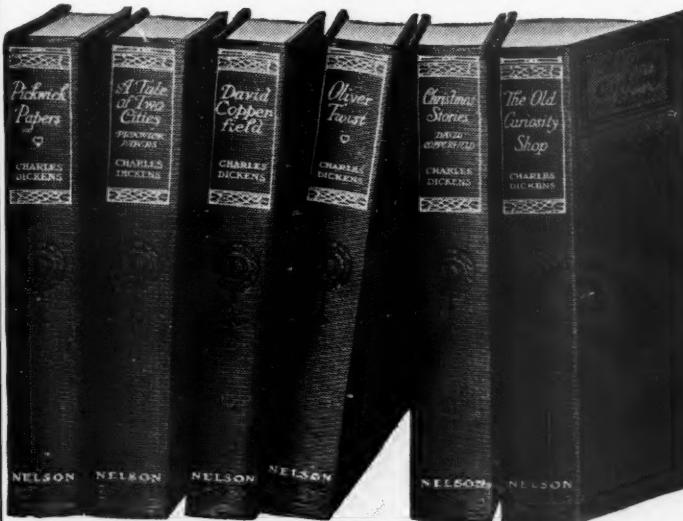
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